

Orange and Blue.

ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.

VOL. X.

AUBURN, ALABAMA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1903.

NO. 1

THE DAILY

A week or so ago there was a mass meeting of the student body held in the chapel for the purpose of creating enthusiasm among the students in their attitude towards athletics, and that which is somewhat a dampener to eloquent spirits—the mention of a few funds needed—just a few. Such a spirit as was shown that night has rarely been manifested in such a gathering, a spirit that tingled through one's body and made one's finger tips itch to catch everyone else around the neck and cry for Auburn—Auburn, the mother of those who have gone away, a dear mother—Auburn, the mistress of every heart within her portals, a kind mistress and true.

The chairman for the occasion was Mr. W. L. Thornton. Anyone who knows Mr. Thornton knows that everything he said was earnestly meant, and much that was unsaid. In his introductions of the various speakers he was very apt in his remarks, especially so when he referred to our foot-ball captain as "one of the pluckiest and grittiest, who never loses his head, and we hope will never lose a game." It is true he never loses his head; it will be a sad day for us when he does, and the finder will please return it to Auburn and receive reward—big money.

The first speaker of the evening was our coach for the coming season. Mr. Bates spoke slowly, quietly; but there was some inert force at work in him that drove every word home—a big, roomy home beneath every shirt in his audience. When he squared his shoulders, squared his jaws, and sounded to arms behind the strong gray of his eyes, there was indeed strength there. When he said that he would do for us as for his own Alma Mater, we felt proud to be honored in the same breath with such an Alma Mater who could give birth to such a son—truly glad to know that such a son has not forgotten the learned mother of his choice as we hope not to forget our own.

Among the other speakers for the evening were Professors Webb, Mitchem and Hill. Prof. Hill spoke on the "mothers," and their attitude towards foot-ball. (It is whispered around that Prof. Hill might have spoken on the "daughters"—he is so well

BISHOP CANDLER'S ADDRESS.

On Friday night, Sept. 18th., Bishop Candler addressed an audience of about seven hundred in Langdon Hall. His hearers were given one of the rarest treats which can be afforded in the South, for Bishop Candler's audiences are not restricted to his native state of Georgia. He spoke on the life of that great Methodist Churchman, John Wesley—not of the incidents nor the character of his life, but the vast change which that life wrought in the influences of his time. If there is anyone fitted to preach the doctrine of the founder of Methodism, it is Bishop Candler, for there is not a more profound believer in his faith and staunch advocate of that faith than Bishop Candler.

In his treatment of his subject Bishop Candler pointed out the influence of Wesley in checking the scepticism which was so rife in the France of that time, thereby adding "the patriotism of an Englishman, and something at least of the intellectual vision of a statesman, to the zeal of an apostle and the spiritual ardor of a saint." After outlining the general principles, and giving the influences of John Wesley's Methodism on his own era and those succeeding, after pointing out the great good he accomplished, the potent force he was, Bishop Candler said that his "force was the fruit of his faith." That was Bishop Candler's appeal for the faith of John Wesley, which is his own.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

The following have been elected to offices in the Senior and Junior classes:

SENIOR CLASS.

George Dunglinson, Jr., President.
W. M. Shepard, Vice-President.
John W. McConnell, Secretary.
H. Merkel, Treasurer.
H. McDonnell, Historian.
J. McDuffie, Orator.
J. Henderson Childs, Prophet.
Miss Kate Mills, Poet.

JUNIOR CLASS.

J. H. Patterson, President.
W. H. Peace, Vice-President.
S. Hood, Historian,
F. P. Hurt, Secretary.
F. Renfro, Treasurer.
Miss Harvey, Poet.

26 TO 0

A Goose-Egg for Montgomery, and Something Pretty to Start the Tigers off.

Owing to the condition of the field, the dust and the heat, fast work was out of the question; but everything that was coming came Auburn's way. Milner's run for a 40-yard gain was one of the features of the game; so was McEniry's snappy handling of the ball.

The line up was as follows:

MONTGOMERY.	AUBURN.
Brown.....C.....	Merkel
Hinderer.....R. G.....	Moon
Illges.....L. G.....	McPherson
Patterson.....R. T. Patterson, Capt.	
Morgen.....L. T.....	Lacey
Connell.....R. E.....	Pierce
Finley.....L. E.....	McAdory
Smith, H. Capt. R. H. Reynolds, Milner	
Billings.....L. H.....	Webb, Ward
Tyson, G.....F. B.....	Bragg, Adams
Finch.....Q. B. Smith, Z., McEniry	

DETAILS OF THE GAME.

Captain Smith, H. of Montgomery, wins the toss-up and chooses to receive the kick-off.

Captain Patterson takes the east goal.

Reynolds kicks 30 yards to Finch who advances the ball 7 yards. Tyson goes over right guard for 2 yards. Billings gains 3 yards around right end. Tyson tries to punt, but Auburn breaks through line, and Tyson changes and bucks for 3 yards. Auburn's ball.

Reynolds gets 5 yards around left end. McAdory advances the ball 5 yards. Reynolds adds 5 yards more around left end, and tallies 5 yards more on a straight buck. Webb goes around right end for 5 yards. Bragg adds 10 yards to this. Reynolds bucks for 5 yards. Patterson adds 10 yards more. Smith, Z. fails to gain. Ball goes over.

Montgomery's ball.

Tyson punts 15 yards to Bragg who advances 10 yards. Pearce goes around left end for 15 yards. Ward adds 10 yards, and Bragg tallies 10 yards. Ball goes to Montgomery on downs.

Montgomery's ball.

Tyson punts 20 yards to Smith, Z., who advances 10 yards. Ward goes over left tackle for 10 yards. Ward goes around right end for 7 yards. Lacy adds 3 yards to this. Ward loses 2 yards on buck, and Bragg fails to gain.

(Continued to third page.)

SOME COLLEGE YELLS.

Boys, these are not a conglomeration of Indian war-whoops, though they may appear to be; nor are they love songs to be sung in soft, low voices at your lady-love's window "in the evening by the moon-light." Practice them with the others after roll-call in the afternoon, or in the privacy of your room when your room-mate is studying too hard and you wish to divert him. They are given you that you may learn them and be able to yell them in unison; so that when the enemy becomes proud with his "frantic boast," too noisy on the field of honor in Atlanta and elsewhere, you may do a little talking—the kind that tells—for yourselves:

1. Rakete-yak, te-yak-te, yak, Rakete-yak, te-yak-te, yak, Zip, rah! Zip rah! Here we are, Here we are, Auburn!
2. Auburn! Auburn! Auburn! Auburn! Rah! Rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Au-burn!
3. Helloballoo-Ki-nec-Ki-nec Helloballoo-Ki-nec-Ki-nec War-he-War-hi Tiger-tiger-Rah! Rah! Who-rah-who-rah Auburn-Auburn-Rah! Rah! Ching-ching-Chow-chow Boom-boom-bow wow Auburn! Auburn! Auburn!
4. Je-ha-Je-ha-Je-ha-hah! Auburn! Auburn! Rah! Rah! Rah! Auburn! Auburn! Is our cry! V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.
5. What's the matter with Auburn? Who-ha-hay! She's O. K.! Auburn! Auburn! Who-ha-hay!
6. Raise! Raise! Raise! Hell! Hell! Hell! With! With! With! Who? Who? Who? Ga! Ga! Ga!
7. Boom-er-lacka-Boom-er-lacka Bow-wow-wow Ching-er-langa-Ching-er-langa Chow-chow-chow Boom-er-langa-Ching-er-langa Who are we? Auburn! Auburn! Don't you see?
8. Rick-a-chick-a-boom! Rick-a-chick-a-boom! Rick-a-chick-a, Rick-a-chick-a! Boom! Boom!! Boom!!! Who-rah-rah! Who-rah-rah! Auburn! Auburn! Rah-rah-rah!!

AUBURN'S SCHEDULE.

Oct. 3—Montgomery, on the Campus; Auburn, 26; Montgomery, 0.
Oct. 17—Howard College, on the Campus.
Oct. 31—Sewanee, in Montgomery.
Nov. 11—Louisiana State University, on the Campus.
Nov. 14—Georgia Tech., in Atlanta.
Nov. 26—University of Georgia, in Atlanta.

BOYS, ATTENTION!

This issue of the Orange and Blue has been sent to all the students in college. Some have subscribed and some have not. Of those who have subscribed, some have paid their small dues, and some have put it off to a so-called more convenient season.

To those who have subscribed and paid we want to extend a card of thanks, and we want those who have not paid to remember us when the ship comes in. We cannot publish the paper on hot air.

But this article is directed especially to those students whom we have not yet put on our subscription list. We intend to make this the most interesting and entertaining volume of the Orange and Blue that has ever been issued. To do this we must have the co-operation of the student body and we should have the name of every one in college on our paid subscription list. It will be our endeavor to give you the best paper issued by any college in the South, and we sincerely trust that you will assist us by becoming a subscriber.

Any subscriptions will gladly be received by the Business Manager or any member of the Board of Editors.

GEORGE DUNGLINSON, JR.,
Business Manager.

APPROPRIATION BY THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

Owing to the large increase in our enrollment, and the facilities which such an increase demand, the State Legislature has appropriated \$20,000, in yearly payments of \$5,000 per year, to meet any existing needs. This is a boom year in the history of our college—the number of matriculates at present being about four hundred and forty—and we are glad that the Legislature has appreciated the efforts of our President and other members of the faculty to push things.

Orange and Blue

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SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

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Address all matter intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, and all business communications to the Business Manager.

Contributions for ORANGE AND BLUE will always be sincerely appreciated, and should be in the hands of the Editors not later than Saturday before week of issue.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY—J. McDuffie, President; J. H. Childs, Vice-President; C. C. Rigney, Secretary; Thigpen, Treasurer.
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FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Phi Delta Theta, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha, and Kappa Sigma.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday in each month, morning and evening. Rev. E. P. Davis, D. D., pastor. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. every Sunday, Dr. C. A. Cary, Superintendent.
Methodist Episcopal Church, South—E. A. Dannelly, pastor; C. C. Thatch, Sunday School Superintendent. Preaching services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Devotional Meeting of Epworth League, Sunday, 6:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Auburn Baptist Church—A. Y. Napier, pastor; Prof. J. F. Duggar, Sunday School Superintendent. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Divine Services, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Union, 4:10 p. m. Prayer Meeting, 4 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.
Protestant Episcopal Holy Innocents Chapel—Rev. R. C. Jeter, priest in charge. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Holy Communion, 7:15 a. m. every Sunday except the first Sunday in each month. Evening prayer, every Friday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m., S. L. Toomer, Superintendent.
College Y. M. C. A.—Sunday, 3 p. m., Y. M. C. A. Hall.

In this, our first effort, our first attempt to flap the wings of a paper fledgeling, it must be remembered that those wings are but scantily feathered and that those few feathers are the pride of our mother's eye—even to the little drooping, battered one that was so sadly damaged by the other birds in their own, their native

barn-yard. This is stated in the beginning, that some compassion may be shown—that the plucking of those poor remaining feathers may not be done too hastily, that the fledgeling which has just been caressed by the bill of its mother may not be shown too wantonly. One can readily imagine a fowl, a dead one, being dressed and prepared for cooking; but one can hardly imagine a fowl, a live one, being turned loose undressed on the other unsuspecting animals—think of the nakedness of it and the humiliation! So, if there is any clipping to be done, if the feathers of the fledgeling are over-gaudy, too flashy, or perhaps too sombre-hued, pray tell the mother and let her cluck to the fledgeling—call him home, there to sprout his feathers in peace under the ample folds of her breast.

In a time when one cannot walk but that he must break into a run, when one cannot be a machine but that he must fly, when one cannot be a word spoken but that he must jump through oceans of air and leave no trace behind, it should not be forgotten that it is not *all* to hit the target, to put the shaft of one's desire glimmering across the spotted green of life and strike that pretty, sheeny, shimmering thing that men call *success*—and calling, bend the knee.

It is well to be a captain of captains if you must carry a gun, to ride the shoulders of others if you wear the pads and the nose-guard, to be a boss if you are a politician, to be a leader if you are a hero or can talk like one; it is well, but it is not *all*. Ours is a time when a nervous energy sputters through our back-bones like electricity on the jump, burning to the heart and killing those who come in contact with it with ungloved hands. So, one *must* shoot or drop from the ranks; one cannot turn to his comrade and say, "Take it—take the bow—my eyes cannot see the target, and my hand is not equal to the strain." One cannot die ignominiously. The many-colored lights of the target may blur hopelessly into one another, one's eyes may fill, one's arm may weaken and one's hand may tremble at the weakening; but one must draw the bow to its uttermost.

The arrow may or may not hit the red circle—it may hit the smaller blue one—and perhaps it may ring the white disk in the center; but that counts for nothing. If, at the moment your bow is drawn to its fullest and your face is tense with the strain—just when the finger quieters before it looses its hold—just when the eye is about to burst and start from out the socket—if at that moment a thrill, a shocking, delicious sense of pleasure passes

through you and you know the joy of the thing—then you have not shot in vain.

If you are a college boy, this thrill, this joy, is the spirit of your college—the thing that makes you *of* her while you are with her, the thing that makes you *for* her while you are away. It hardly matters where the arrow may strike. It may fall far short; you may be a sub-fresh, a sub-scrub, or reduced from the honor and position of a sub-private in the rear ranks of Co. C to—to; but, if you have the true college spirit, if a strong, warm thrill of love for your college and your college's institutions passes down you and up again, then you are indeed a captain of captains—for the bars are stitched with invisible, imperishable thread, thread spun in looms not of the earth, on your natural and your more lasting uniform.

AS TO "MORTAR AND SYRUP."

Listen, men of Auburn, you have among you "a band of ruffians, men totally devoid of all humane sentiments." Think of it—the horror of it! It cannot but be the truth, because The Crimson-White has said it: The Crimson-White, crimson in her beauty, crimson in the red of a glory that sets only on Tuscaloosa's hills, white in her delicate white honor, white in her spotless purity, crimson-white; it must be so. It cannot but be the truth, and yet!

Listen again, and remark the punctilious truth of it: you have actually rolled men, innocent, unwary men, in "mortar and syrup." Methinks we ourselves have seen those same men with syrup, the nasty stuff dripping from every pore in their poor bodies; or perchance it was an oversight, perchance it was from that larger pore which is limited on the east by the left ear and on the west by the right. But those poor, unsuspecting men, so pitied by our contemporary, had encountered only those most delightful things of Auburn, the dinner-tables, "and nothing else.

As for the rolling in mortar, we would have the Crimson-White know that our new men are bricks and can take mortar; and further, they are the bricks that houses are made of—not that soft clay that seems to characterize a certain old pot which must clatter at the first seeming jar to its "sister college." Not its "sister" pot, never; but if it must be, not cracked—unable to boil without sizzling over.

Behind this sudden eruption on the part of The Crimson-White, this sudden incense at the way Auburn men haze, and are hazed, there must be some cause, some little thing that provokes our "sister college" to the

north. Here it is, we have "grown too fast"—that is it, that is the little trick of ours that has turned "trumps" and taken the "pot," the clattering pot. No wonder she has a grudge against us; we have "grown too fast." We had not thought of it, but such a growth must surely hurt, be vexing to the eye and flesh, of those who are stunted. We will try to do better; we will take anti-fat, anti-length and anti-breadth—we will limit ourselves to the meager rations of our dear neighbor, just to please her. Then, will she cool down a bit over a little accident that occurred *among us* and is forgotten among us?

But withal there is some kindly advice in The Crimson-White, something that runs like this: "Cleanse the hems of your beloved Orange and Blue from the

filth that a few black-guards have steeped them in." Strong language; and we suppose by the "hems" is meant that the Orange and Blue wears dresses, but we tell the Crimson-White, once and for all, that we have withdrawn from the convention of women—one lone, solitary man among them all. In the future when such advice is to be given it should be worded like this: "Crease the pants of your beloved Orange and Blue," or, "they need cleaning." As we say, we have withdrawn—one isolated man—and as we stand apart we catch a glimpse of a little frisky woman with her apron untied; to her we would say with the idea of the "hems" in mind "tie up your apron strings—we are a timid one—and just a little afraid of strings dangling from a woman, crimson-white strings."

Boys, this space is reserved for the

WRIGHT BROS.,

You Know Them, We Know Them,

Everyone Knows Them.

With their old-time generosity they could not pass us by without giving us an ad; but in a limited time they could not do justice to their line of goods, so they have secured this space and reserve it for another time. If you wish to see their fine assortment without waiting for the ad, they are at their old stand. Anyone can tell you where it is.

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A FEW THINGS PERSONAL.

Those who remember Jim Elmer, "Jimmie" of ponderous fame if size counts for anything, will be glad to know that he has entered the Law Department of the University of Virginia. If the northern air stirs "Jimmie" into action he will probably rival some of the big men up there on the gridiron.

If you haven't seen Jackson's new stock of goods call and do so. It will pay you.

Mr. James Drake, of Richmond, Va., has been in town several days visiting his relatives here.

A strictly first-class line of fancy groceries—and fresh—always on hand at Jackson's.

Mr. W. M. Askew, one of '02's men, is in town visiting friends.

Stuffed Olives from 10c up, at Jackson's; also a nice line of pickles, sweet, mixed and sour.

Lost! Lost! A gold star with letters, G. N. and I. C. on it. Finder will please return to E. Owen Perry, and receive reward.

Picnickers and drug-hunters will find the nicest line of canned goods in town at Jackson's.

Several Montgomery men came up from Montgomery Saturday to see the game.

First lot of goods received today from New York at Jackson's.

President Thach visited Montgomery on important business connected with the college.

Just received a fresh line of fruits at Jackson's.

The coach of the University's football team spent Saturday in Auburn.

Mr. W. C. Jackson, the former proprietor of the Kandy Kitchen, has opened up at Dr. Steadham's old place next to Judge Gullatte's.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The work of our literary societies cannot be overestimated. They are the cradles in which are rocked the youth who, some day, will shoulder the responsibility of both state and church. Here the young minds are trained to think for themselves in cultivating beauty of speech and grace of expression. In these exercises is given ample opportunity for putting into actual practice some of the great lessons taught in the English department; and last, but not least, here we learn parliamentary usage, the controlling force of all public assemblies.

With all these advantages before us, can we not insist that each and every young man in college join one of these societies? Surely not a single young man will neglect these passing opportunities which come to us no more after our college days are ended. These societies meet at 7:30 o'clock on Saturday night of each week. Let every boy attend.

H. LISENBY.

HAZING.

When first a boy steps out on the purely tinted, honored carpet of Auburn, when first he makes his bow to an admiring audience gathered around with greeting hands and some articles that appear remarkably like pieces of wood, not tooth-picks, grasped in those hands, from that moment that boy is a gentleman and should be recognized as such till he is proven to be otherwise. No matter what his pedigree, what his report from elsewhere may be, what his previous condition, his advantages or disadvantages, Auburn is a place that finds out things; Auburn is a place where a boy can make or unmake himself, and the making is Auburn's and hers alone. He may be Lord of the Isles in other states, in other villages of the plain, his tenure of position may be very strong in certain fair, white, softly-beating domains whose limits are filigree laces and tender, velvet eyes, in other heart-kingdoms he may be king, but here, here in Auburn, he is what he is and nothing more.

The gist of it is that if every new man is a gentleman till he is found to be otherwise, all old men who have withstood the test must of necessity be gentlemen—gentlemen all.

The question is not of customs, what others may have done in previous years, nor of the fun of the thing, especially when the "Rat" smells of the soil, and the green grass, or something green, seems to sprout upon that soil; but it is a question of the relation which one gentleman should always preserve towards another.

The old men have the "right of way;" theirs are the two sidewalks and the road between, and the poor "Rat" must take to his hole. With such the condition, such the state of affairs, with all superiority on the one part and all should-be-humiliation on the other, it is not strange that the relation between gentlemen should sometimes be strained. There is a happy medium perhaps, a systematic form of hazing, which, though it affords ample amusement for the spectators, neither compromises the dignity nor that portion of the body which is one of the main constituents in the make-up of the hazed. In it all it should be remembered that gentlemen will not so act towards another gentleman as to cause him to take refuge in anything beneath their honor or his own.

THE "GYM."

Boys, remember Locke's theory of "a sound mind in a sound body." Now is the time for you to develop your physical powers as well as your mental qualities. "The glory of a young man is his strength"; so come out in the evening and take some exercise. You need it now more than you ever will. Recreation or a change of employment is the greatest essential to healthful living; so, after spending the morning in close study or confining laboratory work, come out in the evening and fill your lungs with fresh air. At present football is the main object to be attained. If you are at all fitted to play go

out and join the squad. They need you. If not, there is the gymnasium open four times a week. Of course now you are busy with compulsory exercise in the way of drills; but these will soon be over and you will have no excuse for not attending regularly to the athletic advantages here offered you. If you are weak, come down to the "gym" and make yourself strong. In this way you may be fitted for football and the other sports next year. Don't say you haven't time; you cannot afford to neglect your general health and physical side of life in this way. So every time you get an opportunity take a little recreation in the form of "gym" work.

L. W. D.

BOYS.

The firms that have advertisements in our college paper desire your patronage and it is your duty to patronize them. They will do their best to accommodate you in every way possible. They have shown their good will toward our college by advertising in these columns and we should certainly do the same toward them by throwing in their way all the business that we can.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

26 TO 0.

(Continued from first page.)

Montgomery's ball.

Tyson kicks to Smith 45 yards. Smith advances ball 15 yards. Ward fails to gain. Reynolds gains 12 yards around left end, and advances ball 5 yards. Ward gains 20 yards around right end. Reynolds gains 5 yards and 3 yards around left end. Patterson gains 15 yards on straight ahead buck and makes touch down. Score 5 to 0.

Reynolds tries, and fails at goal. Auburn kicks off to Finch. Tyson goes over right guard and fails to gain. Montgomery, by successive bucks, loses ball on downs.

Lacey goes over right tackle for 5 yards. Bragg advances ball 10 yards. Auburn by successive bucks carries ball on 6 line when time is call. Score 5 to 0. Time 3 minutes.

SECOND HALF.

Finch kicks ball 45 yards to Bragg who advances ball 30 yards. Reynolds adds 5 yards to this, and 5 yards more on straight ahead buck. Bragg gains 2 yards. Reynolds gains 5 yards. Lacey goes over right tackle for 10 yards. Moon gains 5 yards over left tackle. Lacey adds 10 yards more. Reynolds gains 10 yards on straight buck. Lacey gains 20 yards over right tackle. Patterson gains 5 yards on straight buck. Repeats this for a touch down. Time 2 minutes. Reynolds fails to kick goal. Score 10 to 0.

Reynolds kicks 45 yds. to Finch who returns ball 10 yds. Tyson gains 1 yd. over right guard. Billings fails to gain around right end. Tyson fails and ball goes over.

Auburn's ball.

Reynolds gains 2 yds. Reynolds repeats kick around left end for 10 yds. Reynolds gains 5 yds. more on buck. Moon

R. W. BURTON,

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Stationer

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gains ½ yd. from the line. Lacey gains 5 yds. over right tackle. Adams adds 1 yd. Ward adds 7 yds. Lacey contributes 10 yds. more to the cause. Reynolds goes over for touch down. Smith, Z., fails at goal. Score; 15 to 0.

Finch kicks 20 yds. to Adams, who advances ball to center of field. Milner gains 40 yds. and places ball on 15 yd. line. Ward gains to 2 yds. Milner gains 10 yards. Lacey gains 2 yds. Patterson bucks over for touchdown. Time: 1 min. McEniry kicks goal. Score, 21 to 0.

Finch kicks 30 yds. to Patterson who advances ball 15 yds. Milner advances ball 10 yds. Ward gains 15 yds. around left end. Ward gains 20 yards around right end. Patterson gives straight ahead buck for 10 yds. Lacey makes good for 7 yds. more. Adams repeats for 7 yds. more. Adams advances ball within ½ yd. of goal. Captain Patterson receives the ball, fumbles, regains and goes over for touchdown. McEniry punts out to Ward who heels the line; but time is out and the score: 26 to 0.

AT THE CORE OF THE CORPS.

Four o'clock sharp.

Every man on the jump.

Some on the hop because they are stiff—not in the upper lips either.

Give 'em—give 'em—don't give 'em Paradise, Auburn.

(With apologies to the C-h-i-c-k-e-n, live or departed, where-soever it may be.)

A is the way to begin,
U is the next letter in,
B is to buck 'em some, 'nd
U is to put 'em through, u-u-u,
R is to drink the Rum, we do-do-do,
N we're at the end, 'nd
That's the way to spell Auburn.

Dr. P.—“It was Daphne, was it not, when pursued by her lover, turned herself into a tree?”

McD. (with more than his usual temerity)—“That was a very wooden thing to do, wasn't it, Doctor?”

M. (declining one of the simple forms of a German verb)—“Ich habe, du bist, hat er—”

Prof. W. “Most assuredly *hot air*, Mr. M., start again.

Now Popper's come to town, nor ask the reason why,

If you do not care to be Hurt,
You'd better hustle and be shy.

Of this we are sure, shine or rain,
Ma will be in on the very next train.

Joe Bell, engaged in cutting grass on the campus, raises up as the automobile of Prof. Fullan comes tooting by and questions:

“What's dat dar thing, Fessor?”

“Why Joe, this is an automobile.”

“Well, dis har thing I got oughtermow hay, but the blamed thing won't work.”

Cadet J. (inquiring with much concern after his first Saturday's drill)—“Is there-er-an *ex-military* course given at this college?”

One of the new ones and consequently one of the unknowing was closely watched on the football field the other day to see if he betrayed any of his rural ideas. Suddenly there were yells and shouts of “good work, Varsity—go it, Varsity.”

Then it was that the New One was heard to remark as if with approbation: “Good, gracious! That man Varsity must be er cracker-jack. If all the men on the team were like him—whew!”

Now among the stars of Auburn's setting,
The Moon rose in all his glory, getting
Out upon the college streets ere dark
Can harm his little Shepherd on a lark.
The Shepherd sways like a fair young lily—
The Moon sinks down and whispers “Hush, Willie!”

Boys, we don't ask you to subscribe; we don't have to, We merely make a plain statement of facts, kindly state the subscription price, and you do the rest. It is not customary for us to call around from room to room, catch a glimpse of a pair of heels going out the window; no, you are in the habit of calling at our office and smilingly doing the liberal act. We tell you this that you may know precisely what to do.

We will not say that it takes “money to make the mare go;” we cannot say it in a horseless age. But we can say that it still takes the cart-wheels—the silver, jingling kind—to make any sort of a vehicle go. They may give you steam now, or any combination of out-landish sounds, instead of the old, bony mare; but they cannot dispense with the cart-wheels—the glorious cart-wheels—just one-dollar, if you please.

This paper is yours as well as ours. It is your privilege to help move this vehicle, this carriage decorated in the colors of your college; and you are invited to avail yourselves of that privilege. We are the steam, or the gasoline, as you will have it—we do the puffing, the blowing; you are those pretty, silver wheels that move the thing along. Are you not proud of yourselves? Boys, plunk down.

THE EDITORS.

THE RALLY.

(Continued from first page.)

acquainted with that portion of the animal kingdom.)

Prof. Mitchem is a man of action rather than words—his talking is done on the field with a little tackling thrown in to show that he still knows how to do the thing; but from a few simple words one could see that he is still the man in whom was once centred the pride of Auburn.

One of the most noticeable features of the meeting was the speaking by John McDuffie, of the Senior Class, and Walter Samford, of the Junior. When young Samford said “O my college,” had there not been such a power of earnestness behind it, in his face and manner, there would have been something of a “sophomoric” effect, but as it was he proved that the welfare of his college lay near and very dear to his heart.

McDuffie spoke only a little while, but when John McDuffie gets white under the gills, there is something going to be demonstrated. When he pushed his chin to the front, his shoulders after it, and called to his Auburn braves that old war-cry “Auburn, Auburn, is our cry, V-i-c-t-o-r-y,” he echoed on the quivering heart-strings of many there with just a little more reverberation than many there could have sprung.

Of course there was the usual talk by Manager “Hap” Hazard, of the foot-ball team, about finances—the indispensable. There were several flourishes by the A. P. I. Band which seemed to put music into most of the feet; and incidentally, in the blinds in the rear of the hall. The meeting was brought to a close with but one thing lacking—one very enthusiastic thing when it comes to his college, and that was Tom Bragg. He was not there; but he is the champion of Auburn ever, right or wrong, ever ready to take an oar and carry the stroke against the rival team, however black the waters or rotten the old boat may be.

FOOTBALL DAYS.

The football days have come again, the gladdest of the year; One side of Willie's nose is gone, and Tom has lost an ear; Heaped on the field, the players jab, and punch, and claw, and tear.

They knock the breath from those beneath, and gouge without a care;

They break each other's arms and legs, and pull joints out of place,

And here and there is one who gets his teeth kicked from his face.

The freshman and the sophomore, besmeared with grime and mud,

Go gallantly to get the ball and quit all bathed in blood;

The senior knocks the junior down and kicks him in the chest,

The high school boy is carried home and gently laid at rest, While here and there a crowded stand collapses 'neath its weight,

And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

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